

### III. To A Nun

You are the summer moon,  
with the secret night for her gown.

— James Hazard

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

---

### Lines On My Education

The teacher tossed into the chasm  
of our faces that El Greco had astigmatism,  
Van Gogh had bad  
myopia, and Blake, of course, was mad.  
She said that Shakespeare was great because  
she said he was,  
and that the wicked are always  
punished. She didn't say  
what wicked  
was, assuming, I suppose, we'd covered  
that last year.  
She merely  
added that mathematics trains  
the brain.

And I learned a lot of other rot,  
which, luckily, I soon forgot.

### Why Johnny Can't Read

(more irreverent portraits prompted by envy)

Anton Chekhov

From a slightly soggy pie,  
He cut us both a slice to try,  
Then muttered in a monotone,  
There's not enough — you eat alone.

Theodore Dreiser

Through a forest thick and bent,  
He lumbered, slashing as he went;  
Smoldering with a righteous wrath,  
He chopped out a Titan's path.